a amila

The young man turned on her with

"Never fear, there'll be 'nobody' in Ledington very soon but those who belong to it; but as my next lurking-

TO be what we are and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life. -Robert Louis Stevenson.

## The Messenger Maid

BY HELEN WALLACE

(Continued from last week.)

HILDREN must obey their elders, and speak when they were spok-en to, so she answered Major en to, so she answered Major Wash's questions quietly till, look-ing down into the little snowdrop face, he grew half-asbamed, tough soldier and keën upon his quest as he was, of baiting the child further, and trying to draw from her if she had any subtler errand to the lady of Ledington than the showing of the sampler. He had ensured that no note had been sent with it, and after all they could know nothin- fresh of his plans at

Arrived at Ledington, he even carried his complaisance so far as to conduct Isabel up the corkscrew stair to my lady's chamber door. "Here's little Miss from Calderside

with something to show to your mis-tress," he said brusquely to the starti-ed waiting woman. "She can have ed waiting woman. "She can have ten minutes," and he clattered down the steep stair again.

With her heart drumming and her

tingling from the kiss Walsh had exacted in payment, Isabel Walsh had exacted in payment, Isabel tiptoed across the big bedroom, with its Dutch hangings of hunting scenes in stamped and gilded leather. In a great four-post bed an old lady was

great four-post bed an old lady was sitting up very erect for an invalid. "So we've got a respite," ahe said, with a quick, hard breath. With tremulous steps, Isabel ap-proached the canopied bed, feeling, perhaps, as at that moment she look-ed like little Red Riding Hood paying her famous visit, and, indeed, many older than she trembled before the old lady's keen dark eyes, looking out from under the multitudinous lawn frills of her mob-cap. The sam-pler was examined and admired, but as soon as the heavy footfalls without had fairly died away, her voice and

look changed.

"Quick, child, you've some message, We've only ten minutes; 'tis a wonder he let us have them. Since you've been trusted with it, I'll trust you, too. The one it most concerns had better hear it too."

With her long ebomy-handled staff, the rapped sharply on the wainscot thrice in succession. There was a mercant's nause, then there came a look changed.

thrice in succession. There was a mornant's pause, then there came a laint scratching, like a mouse, behind the panels. The old lady rapped again, and Isabel's dilated eyes opened still wider, for the great gilled stag bounding across the wall in front of her, suddenly disappeared, leaving across the same of the stage of the sta

"Oh!" gasped Isabel, and "Oh!" she gasped again, as out of the darksne gasped again, as out of the dark-ness stepped a tall young man. But Isabel had no longer eyes for the stag, nor any heed for the mystery of the cunningly-hidden door. Her eyes and thoughts were wholly riveted on the

newcomer, and little wonder, for Nigel Maitland was reckoned the "brawest lad" of his time in broad Scotland.

It was not the well-cut features though, nor the curling hair and the handsome eyes, which held the child's gaze, and, all unknown to herself, ungaze, and, all unknown to herself, un-scaled within her the fountain of ro-mance. Rather it was the high dar-ing of his look, the glad, gay courage which danced in these fine eyes, so that, worn and wounded as he was, his entrance from his dark lurking-place seemed to bring a whiff of new life, bracing as mountain air,

A Good Start Toward Helping Mother With the Milking.

reviving as wine into the big, dull reviving as wine into the oig, duri room. Isabel, too young to analyze her own thoughts, gazed open-eyed, the old lady sat more erect among her pillows, her eyes lit up.

"Now, bairn, out with your mesage!" she said sharply. "I'm trusting you far, and every minute's a life."

Thus adjured, Isabel repeated her mother's words.
"She said I was to say that there

must be nobody in Ledington to-night
—nobody but those who belong to it."

The gay, bright eyes were fixed now her earnest face framed in the arlet hood. "And did she say why, on her earnest race framed in the scarlet hood. "And did she say why, little lady?" he asked. "No, but she said it was life or death. I think she's feared of Major

Walsh. He's a dreadful man; he brought me here on his saddle"-with

brought me here on his saddle"—with a quick shiver—'and he'll have to take me back," her voice sinking.
"Tell your lady-mother she's had a brave little messenger, and take her my thanks from my heart for her care of my poor life," said Maitland.
"And so this is what you were to ahow to your granny-aunt?" picking up the

crack on the stout oaken door.

crack on the stout oaken door.
With a little startled cry, "Ho's
come" Isabel lifted her head and then
stared round. The old lady lay back
smiling grimly on her pillows. The
gilded stag on the wall pranced on its
headlong career as before. There was
no dark, narrow door, no wonderful
young gallant with grey eyes and
witching smile. There was only Major
Walsh standing flushed and florid in
the doorway with smoothing. the doorway, with something between a scowl and a smile on his face. Had it all been a dream then?

The cathedral bells were scattering their shower of fairy music over the crowding roofs of the old city of Ant-werp, as on a day in May a stranger strolled across the Place Verte under strolled across the Place Vorte under the flickering spring foliage of the lime trees. He was a man in the middle thirties, and his fine worn face and the commanding grace of his tall figure drew many a glance after the beau cavalier, as the whispered com-ments called him. As his aimless walk brought him opposite the cathedral he paused a moment, then saying to hum-self, "Well, I have cause enough to

sampler, after a question or two had give thanks," he joined the thin brought out the whole story.

"Nigel, are ye daft?" cried the old great south door.

lady from the bed. "He gave us ten minutes. When he comes beak he may bring his dragoons with him, and this him long. Presently he wandered my chamber-door fast against him." the altar seemed but a dim twinkle in the distance; then turning into a little memorial chapel, he seated himself behind the great pillar at the entrance. He would fain be alone with his thoughts, and he had cause enough, as he had said, for thought and for thanksgiving, too.

belong to it; but as my next lurking-place must be the family vault in the kirkyard, you can't wonder I'm in no hurry to seek it. Who, knows but it may be my final refuge, unless Sandy Crear brings his yaw! the sooner round St. Abb's Head. No, no, we'll cheat them yet, "hastily as the aged face changed wordly at his light words. "Ard so you are lashed Cal-Time, the healer, had for ten long years been doing his work. Culloden was but a bitter memory. George sat secure upon his throne, and by degrees the proscribed Jacobwords. "Ard so you are Isabel Cal-der, and you've done all this wonder-ful work," reading the doggerel lines as he turned again to the child. "I ites were being allowed to return to their own country. Among those to whom this boon had been extended as he turned again to the child. "I shall never forget you, Isabel, nor the great service you have done me; and who knows," with a smile, which to Isabel illuminated the room or the world—it was all one then—"who knows but some day I may be able to deliver you from Major Walsh or some was Nigel Maitland, while, thanks to powerful friends, house and lands were to be restored to him. But it would be an empty house to which he would return and a changed countryside. return and a changed conneysite. There was no one of his name to welcome him to Ledington. Calderaide was in the hands of strangers. Then his thoughts wandered back across the gulf of the years to that memorable day, when on a child's warning he had escaped with bare life from Ledington. other dragon. And now promise, you won't quite forget me."
"I never forget," said the child "I never forges," said the child gulf of gravely, and as he stooped over her day, w he took her hands, and kissed one and then the other. Shy Isabel auddenly put her fresh lips to his check, then, darting away, buried her face in the coverlet of the great bed.

"Wher

Where was she now, that child who would be a child no longer? Her fa-ther he knew had been exiled soon Whack! a heavy riding-switch des-cended sharply with a resounding after his own escape, then some years after his own escape, then some years later, when he vas far away in Spain, sighting the battles of France, since might not fight for his own king, he had heard of Sir Hugh Calder's death. The war over at lat, he had sought is, find the widow and the orbut he could find no trace of them.

The full, crowded years of a soldier's life had rolled on like an effacing tide over these tender memories, yet he had never wholly forgotten a child's had never wholly forgotten a child's pure face, a child's innocent kiss, which had indeed more than once been like a protecting talisman carrying him scatheless through many a wild scene of revelry.

Now on the ere of his return to the old surroundings (he was only waising ter the next packet to Leith) how ter the next packet to Leith) how to the mixt of the mixt of the past, to hin out of the mixt of the past, even to the quaint sampler spread on the big bed in the great glided bed-chamber. But clearest of all was the little trembling figure, and the young steadfast face framed in a scarlet hood. "She must be a sweet maid now, wherever she be," he mused, re-culling the dark wistful eyes. "I never to "get," she had said. Ah, if such a fair, gracious presence had been Now on the eve of his return to the fair, gracious presence had been awaiting him at Ledington or return-ing to the old house by his side, what a different home-coming it would be. Suddenly voices from behind the pillar struck through his thoughts.

"Can I not be alone, even here?" said a girl's voice.

"Pshaw! we are disturbing no one. We must come to an understandingas well here as anywhere else," said a man's deep, hoarse voice.

"An understanding! I have never given you the least cause to misunder-stand me," came the retort, swift and

"You know it is your mother's dear-est wish," went on the man as though he had not heard. "Does that not weigh with you now?" significantly.

"Ah, my poor mother!" bitterly.

"And she thinks she had good reason to urgo it," said the other with the same heavy significance.

(Concluded next week.)

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